A Memorial

of the

Rev. William Swan

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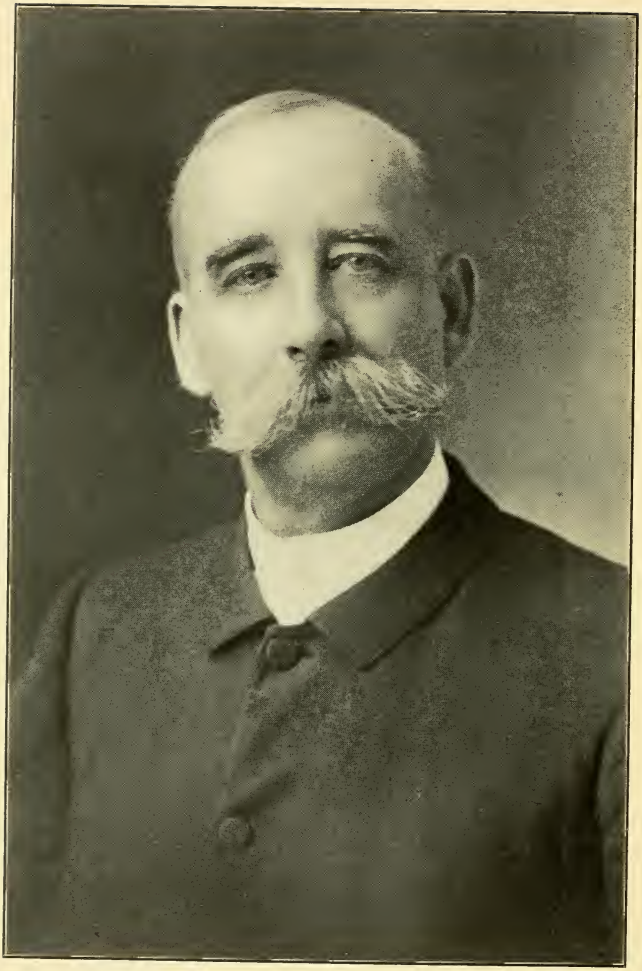

Yours truly

Wm Swan

A Memorial

of the

Rev. William Swan

"A servant of the living God is dead!
His errand hath been well and early done,
And early hath he gone to his reward.
He shall come no more forth, but to his sleep
Hath silently lain down, and so shall rest.

Remember'd well—in all our holiest hours—
Will be the faithful shepherd we have lost!
And ever with one prayer, for which our love
Will find the pleading words—that in the light
Of heaven, we may behold his face once more."

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A life that had blessed the world and left behind a memory of Christ-like deeds, closed its earthly career when on August 13, 1898, Rev. William Swan passed away. Grief-stricken watchers around his bed, whispered softly "He is dead," while ministering angels whose felt presence made that death-chamber the very gate of Heaven, cried exultingly "He has just begun to live!"

Born of godly parents in one of those delightful New England homes where refined intelligence presides and Yankee ingenuity finds a way out of even the most insuperable difficulty, Mr. Swan grew up to young manhood well fitted to cope with the exigencies of life. Some years of his boyhood were spent in Litchfield, Mass., his father having succeeded to the pastorate of the Congregational Church of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was

formerly pastor. Roaming over the hills and valleys and through the pine forests interspersed with various small streams of this beautiful region, he became an adept in out-door sports, especially swimming, of which he was very fond. His skill as a strong, brave swimmer was put to the test in after years, he, having on one occasion rescued a schoolmate from drowning in the waters of Long Island Sound. Yet so modest was he withal, that he would never willingly allude to this episode or exhibit the very handsome gold pen and pencil inscribed "Testimonial of Courage," which had been presented by the grateful father of the lad whose life he saved. This same unselfish devotion to the interests of others even at the sacrifice of his own, developed as he grew to manhood and endeared him to all who came in contact with him. His college classmates speak of him with sincere affection. They loved him for his genial disposition and noble nature, while the purity of his life was an incentive to high living on the part of all. Firm as adamant wherever a principle of right was concerned, he was like a rock of refuge to many a weaker nature. Yet possessed of utmost tact and discretion he was capable of adapting himself to most untoward circumstances. As an illustration of this, one incident may be given which occurred while he was still quite a young man. During the

second year of his theological course, which he pursued in Princeton Seminary, he engaged to supply a small church in Vermont through his summer vacation of nearly four months. Arriving in the little village, he found himself the centre of attraction and an object of speculative curiosity to the rustic community. To many of them, shooting at a mark was their chief pastime and good marksmanship a criterion of a man's ability in other directions. On the first Saturday following his arrival, a group of villagers had gathered in the door-yard of the house where he boarded, expressing a desire to get acquainted with the new preacher. Presently one of them spoke up rather awkwardly, saying, "Parson, some of us would like to see you shoot." Realizing that he was to be put to the test as a marksman and that according as he succeeded or failed, so they would rate his ministerial qualifications, he quietly responded to the request. Taking the proffered rifle in hand, he lifted it to his shoulder and fired *hitting the bull's-eye*. No one was more surprised than himself, for he had never practised shooting at a mark and was quite sure he could not do it a second time; so to their repeated suggestions to try again he only replied, "No, when the rest of you beat that, I'll shoot again." His reputation as a marksman being established, the following Sabbath saw a full

attendance at church, public opinion having decided that since the preacher could hit the bull's eye, he must know how to preach.

Another of Mr. Swan's distinguishing characteristics was an intense love for souls. It was his single ambition to be a winner of souls and in this he was eminently successful. After his death there was found in his Bible a list of the names of thirteen men in one of the churches he had served, for whom he had been praying. Nearly every one of these was brought to Christ. Eternity alone can reveal the blessed results of his faithful preaching and earnest praying. His intellectual attainments were of a high order, he having been one of the honor men of his class in Williams College and so entitled to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Literary Society. He was a master of language which gave a peculiar charm to his style of sermonizing,—the right word always fitted into the right place. It was said of him by one of his parishioners who took notes of his sermons "I find if I do not get down the exact wording of Mr. Swan's sentences, it changes the meaning." But there was no effect of precision or dullness. The sympathetic tones of his voice, his correct emphasis and graceful delivery, made it always a pleasure to listen to him. How much of this gift of graceful diction was an inheritance from his paternal grand-

mother, may be judged from the following "Reminiscence" of his grandparents, prepared by himself some years ago:

My Grandparents.

"I never knew but two of them,—my Father's Mother and my Mother's Father. The story of the death of my paternal Grandfather was one of those sad traditions extant in many a home. It told us wondering boys how, many years ago, away back in the teens of the century, when my Father was a little lad of seven, the eldest of five children,—he had left the coasts of Africa on his last voyage for home, master of his own gallant ship in which he had sailed so many times around the globe, and *was never heard of more.*

The death of my maternal Grandmother, brought for the first time to my childish heart the knowledge of bereavement when I saw with frightened eyes, my Mother, surprised by the sudden tidings, walking the floor of our humble sitting-room wringing her hands and crying "O! my Mother! my Mother!"

The Grandmother who was left, lived on for many years, nursing the hope, that was sustained by the very mystery of her husband's loss, that some day the cruel sea would give back her missing one to her home and to the relief of the sad

poverty in which his absence left her. But there was faith in that stricken home,—God took care of the widow and her orphaned flock,—it matters not how, but as He always will. Chastened by long waiting upon the Lord, her care at last cast upon Him and His grace sufficient for her, she saw one after another of her children in houses of their own, until she ripened to a refined and beautiful old age. Reckoning it a "sin ever to grow old" she kept wondrously young in heart and sympathy. Renewing her strength as the eagle, she was to the last, the pride, the confidante, the never-wearying companion of the young people of her neighborhood, who were often glad to leave the circle of their mates to talk with her or listen as she read to them. With mind gifted by nature and refined by constant communion with the best authors, she was one of those few readers who make the dead forms of printed words instinct with breathing life. One daughter, by long invalidism shut up to mental culture, was at once the care and solace of her home for years. It was their custom as the evening drew on, to read the Best of Books together, my Aunt often reading while her Mother would interrupt now and then to suggest some emphasis or accentuation that might bring new force and meaning to the text. So, some score of years ago, on the evening of a Thanks-

giving-day which had been enjoyed with the usual spirit of a New England home, they sat together. My Aunt was reading the Bible as usual and my Grandmother seemingly as well as ever, commented with gentle suggestion sitting comfortably in her easy chair, then seemed quietly listening till the psalm was done and as the reader paused and looked up into her Mother's face,—*was dead*, —asleep in His arms who had been to her the Husband of the widow those many years. I should be loath to lose out of my life the influence of that sweet closing upon earth of my Grandmother's life of fourscore years and three.

My Grandfather,—Mother's Father,—was a man trained in the quiet thrift of the old Knickerbocker race, identified with the old days of New York when the Battery was the fashionable promenade and the substantial homes of Vestry and Greenwich and Delancey streets had not been crowded out by encroaching trade. Nurtured in the somewhat stern theology of the old Dutch Church, his strict piety was tempered in the revival warmth that spread through the city in the days of Nettleton and of Finney; and when he came to make his home with us, as in turn, he went among his children in his advancing years, he seemed to us children imbued with a spirit that made religion the one thing of his life. He occcupied "Grandpa's

Room" just off the family apartment. Into that quiet place, for refuge perhaps from the healthy and sometimes intrusive sports of five stirring boys, he was accustomed to go several times a day and there he poured out his soul in prayer. Those prayers! Being dull of hearing he talked aloud with God and there he plead the names of his dear ones before the mercy seat. What earnestness! what strong assurance that they all would be gathered into the fold. If, then, in our heedless spirits, we sometimes smiled at what we had not yet begun to realize as the most priceless legacy he could leave us, I am sure not one of us would lose out of our lives to-day, the memory of our Grandfather's prayers. And then he died and went to meet the wife of his youth, still, I doubt not, bearing our names on his heart before the throne. I am not sure this grandfather and grandmother ever met on earth; but I am sure they take a common interest in us still, in Heaven."

The following sketch of Mr. Swan's life and work, prepared by Rev. S. W. Reigart, D. D., of Salisbury, Md., by order of the Presbytery of New Castle, gives in more regular order the events of his life. It was read before the Presbytery of New Castle in session at Wilmington, Del., April 19th, 1899.

Rev. William Swan, late pastor of the "Makemie Memorial" Church of Snow Hill, Md., and the "Gunby" Church of Stockton, Md., was born in Fair Haven, Conn., now a part of New Haven, November 3, 1841. His father was the Rev. Benjamin Lincoln Swan, a distinguished Presbyterian minister, who outlived his son, departing this life February 19, 1899, at Bridgeport, Conn., in the 86th year of his age. His mother's maiden name was Sarah Green Brinkerhoff. In personal qualities she was just such a mother as we might suppose from the sterling character of her sons, three of whom survive the subject of this sketch. She died about the year 1872.

William received his preparatory education in Bridgeport, Conn., and Bennington, Vt., and entered Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., in the year 1859. After he was graduated from Williams College, in 1863, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Swan went to Lawrenceville, N. J., and began teaching in the Boys' High School owned by Rev. S. M. Hamill, D. D., and at the same time commenced reading medicine with the resident physician, that being his chosen profession. He was at that time an earnest Christian young man, having been converted at the age of sixteen, and having united with the Second Congregational Church of Bridgeport, Conn., of which his father, Rev. Ben-

jamin L. Swan, was then pastor. But up to this time he had never felt any call to the ministry. So he entered upon the work of teaching as a means of support while pursuing his medical studies. For two years he continued as teacher in Dr. Hamill's School, where he was most highly esteemed and loved. During that time there came to him very suddenly yet most forcibly the call of the Holy Spirit to enter the Gospel ministry. The circumstances as related in a letter from Mrs. Swan (who was the daughter of Rev. Dr. C. W. Nassau, then residing in Lawrenceville), and who was at the time engaged to young Swan, were so peculiar and interesting that they must be given in her own words.

"We were walking home together one evening from choir meeting (we had been engaged about four months) when suddenly he became very quiet. It was so noticeable, for he was always full of spirits, laughing and joking, that I said to him, 'What makes you so still to-night?' He said, 'I'll tell you when we get home.' I felt somehow overawed by his manner, and hardly knew what to make of it. When we reached my home and were alone, he told me that then and there as he was walking along that street, he had for the first time in his life felt that he *must* preach the Gospel. It was as if a voice had spoken to him, 'You must preach the Gospel.' . Unquestionably it was the call

of the Divine Spirit. And (she who knew him best says) *he did not want to be a minister.* Medicine was his choice.' He had begun the study of it most enthusiastically, had bright prospects of going in with his uncle in New York City, a successful physician there, and inclination pointed all one way. It was a struggle that lasted for months. Sometimes he would think, 'I can be just as useful as a Christian physician,' but no, the constant call of the Spirit, 'You must preach the Gospel,' never left him. It was a most solemn and sacred time. When, after months of prayerful deliberation, he at length gave up his chosen profession for what he felt was God's plan of work for him, and resolved to enter upon the Gospel ministry, he wrote home to his parents announcing his change of purpose. At once, his mother, a woman of great faith and high order of piety, wrote back to him in these words: 'When you were born I dedicated you to the Lord for the work of the ministry, and I have never ceased to pray for it from that time to this.' So it was in answer to a mother's prayers that God's Spirit called him so irresistibly. Yet his mother had never once said to him in words, 'William, I wish you would be a minister.' She just prayed—God did the rest. After his decision he had perfect peace in his soul, and he never once regretted his choice, though it involved a complete reversal of all his plans."

Entering Princeton Seminary the next fall (1865) he took the full course there, being as one of his classmates acknowledged, "intellectually the leader of his class." He supported himself entirely, never asking or receiving aid from the Board of Education. He was licensed to preach April 10, 1867, by the Presbytery of Nassau.

Before the close of his last year in the Seminary he was called to be pastor of the church in Stockton, N. J. He was ordained and installed over this church June 2, 1868, by the Presbytery of Raritan. In December of this year he was married to Miss Emma C. Nassau, a daughter of Rev. Charles William Nassau, D. D., eminent for his scholarship and piety, President for a time of Lafayette College, and from 1850 to 1874 Proprietor and Principal of the Female Seminary at Lawrenceville, N. J. Dr. Nassau was also the father of the Rev. Joseph E. Nassau, D. D., pastor of Warsaw Church, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. R. Hamill Nassau, M. D., and Isabella Anne Nassau, so well known as active missionaries in Western Africa. Mrs. Swan by education and temperament was eminently fitted to be a pastor's wife, taking the deepest interest in her husband's work, and assisting him by her counsels, co-operation, sympathy, and prayers.

The church at Stockton, when Mr. Swan was called to the pastorate, was a new enterprise and

numbered but twenty-five members. When he left it ten years later, it had a membership of two hundred and fifty, notwithstanding many deaths and dismissions. From Stockton, he was called to Batavia, N. Y., where he continued for eight and a half years, a continuous addition of members marking the progress of his work. From '87 to '94 he was pastor of the church of Lambertville, N. J., one of the largest and most influential churches in the Presbytery of New Brunswick, where his labors were equally blessed, many remarkable conversions attesting the reality of his call from God to preach the Gospel.

During his ministry of thirty years, he took no rest except a brief annual vacation, and at the close of his Lambertville pastorate, when failing health demanded, a rest of eight months. As soon as he felt strong enough to resume the active work of the ministry he gladly took it up again, accepting a call to the churches of Snow Hill and Stockton, Md., in preference to the church of Bedford, Pa., which also extended to him a call, believing that the Lord had called him to the former field, and not taking account of the salary or other favorable conditions. Here, after a pastorate of nearly four years, he fell asleep Saturday afternoon, August 13, 1898, greatly lamented not only by the people of his church, but the entire community to whom

he had endeared himself by his active charity, and sympathetic disposition and self-sacrificing labors. His illness lasted but four days, though for several years he had suffered from a complication of diseases. Twice on the last Sabbath spent on earth, he preached with unusual fervor, but must have felt even then the shadow coming over him, for he remarked to his wife as they entered the house after evening service, "I have the feeling that this is the last sermon I shall ever preach." He was right; the next Sabbath his spirit was among the redeemed around the throne, joining in the praises of the Lamb. His work being done, the Master called him to receive his crown. The vacation which he was preparing to spend on earth, he is enjoying in that world whose inhabitants never say "I am sick," and where weariness and pain are never felt.

His funeral services were conducted in the Snow Hill Church, Tuesday afternoon, August 16, 1898, Rev. J. B. Turner, of Dover, Del., Rev. W. H. Logan, of Princess Anne, Md., and Rev. Dorsey Blake, of the M. P. Church, of Snow Hill, officiating. He was laid to rest in the churchyard of the Snow Hill Church, amid the tears of his people, many floral tributes being laid upon his grave, among them palms from the session of the Lambertville Church.

Rev. Wm. H. Wolverton, of Boonton, N. J., who was converted under Mr. Swan's preaching, was invited to preach his funeral sermon, but on account of sickness was unable to be present. He wrote, however, a letter in which he says: "One thing is certainly true, he is not dead. Such a man of the Spirit cannot die. He lives in the good he has accomplished; he lives in Him who will never let his faithful and loved ones die; he lives eternally. There have been times since I last saw him, when I have longed to get close to him, and feel the beating of his great sympathetic heart. He was so wise in counsel and withal so genial and bright. He was possessed of such sterling sense and judgment, being indeed, as I have often called him, *a well-rounded man of God.*" And such indeed is the judgment of all who had but a slight acquaintance with him. "He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." Though his very appearance and countenance marked him as a Christian minister, and a man of forceful character, he was utterly devoid of ministerial conceit. His constant theme was "Christ and him crucified"; his chief endeavor to hide himself behind the cross. He possessed an intensely devotional spirit. He lived very near the throne. One of the elders of the Lambertville Church once remarked to his wife, "Mrs. Swan, your husband

must have had a very deep personal experience to be able to explain the plan of salvation as he does." It was true. He knew whereof he spoke. Jesus was to him an intimate friend. He lived and walked with God, and this gave power to his preaching. His conception of the Christian life was expressed in those words of Dr. Hodge which he often quoted: "A Christian is one to whom Christ is Master." His principle of action was "For to me to live is Christ,"—his continual question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The last sermon he preached was from the text: "The Lord hath need of him."

Mr. Swan, though large numbers were added to the churches under his pastoral care, never called to his aid a professional evangelist. He believed in revivals, of course, but thought it better for a church that the work be carried on by the pastor and people themselves. He was intensely loyal to the Presbyterian Church. Though born and brought up in New England and coming of genuine Puritan stock, yet he never entirely approved of the Congregational form of government. And when on his decision to be a minister, he entered the Presbyterian Church, he did so most heartily, and fully accepted our Church Standards.

He was deeply interested in the cause of Foreign Missions, and his sermons on that subject were

among his best efforts, his fervent appeals producing wonderful results in awakening among his people an interest in this great work. He had the true idea of what it really means—that it is the Saviour's yearning desire to see this world brought to Himself, and he felt that what his Saviour most desired should also be *his* supreme desire. A leaflet entitled, "Not for the heathen merely, but for Christ," which he prepared for the use of the church in Batavia, N. Y., has been widely circulated throughout the country, being printed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Philadelphia. Wherever it goes, it influences hearts to take up the watchword, "The whole world for Christ."

Three times Mr. Swan was honored by being sent as commissioner to represent his Presbytery in the General Assembly—in 1872, to Detroit; 1883, to Saratoga; 1894, to Saratoga again.

Mr. Swan had a fine command of language, which he showed not only in his sermons and prayers, but in the productions from his pen which from time to time appeared in the religious press. He possessed poetical talent of no mean order, as will be seen from one of the last poems which he wrote and which will fittingly close this imperfect sketch. It is entitled, "A Defiance of the Grave."

"Wearied and racked with pain and stained with tears
Weakened and worn, by anguish sore distressed
Scarred in the conflicts of the passing years,
This wasted body lay we to its rest.

Full eager art thou, O insatiate grave
To snatch this trophy from our clinging love,
We shudder at thy greed and fain would save
Our treasure from thy grasp—thy right disprove.

But yet we will not *all* thy claim deny
Thou *hast* on this frail body *some* demand;
What is but *earthly dust* shall be thy prey,
But from its *part immortal* hold thy hand:

For there is that, in this poor body lies,
Not all thy gloom can hide, thy foulness taint,
Sown in dishonor, 'twill in glory rise,
The tabernacle of a blessed saint.

And so we leave within thy cold embrace
This form once casket of a soul so rare;
Do thou thy work; its carnal part efface,
Its life essential, guard with utmost care.

For this same end wast thou his captive led,
Who, in thy deep, dark vaults, in mortal strife
Wrenched from thy grasp the key that holds the dead,
And made thee servant of the "Prince of Life."

No more a conqueror, thy boasting o'er,
Nor now a monarch; thou—His slave, shalt hold
Safe in thy treasury, this buried store,
'Till He, its dross refined, shall claim His gold.

We triumph o'er thee, Grave! thou would-be foe,
Thou tyrant with thy cruel, hungry jaws!
Thou canst no more affright, now that we know
Thou'rt but the vassal of His gracious laws.

God's acre is well seeded, but along
The furrows where death's plough-share hath been driven,
This grain shall spring, for thy close grasp too strong,
And ripen for the Harvest Home of Heaven.

E'en now through all thy vaults we hear the tread—
The footsteps of the Conqueror, strong to save,
He comes to gather in His garnered dead,
He shall thy sure destruction be, O Grave!

On the occasion of Mr. Swan's leaving Stockton, N. J., the following resolutions were adopted by the Presbyterian Church at a congregational meeting held November 7, 1878.

"WHEREAS,—A sister congregation in another Presbytery has signified to the pastor of this church their desire to have him transferred from his present charge to them; and whereas, he has declared that his convictions of duty require him to accept the proposed call when it shall be regularly presented: and whereas, this congregation has been called together to consider the question of uniting with the pastor in asking Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation in order that he may be transferred to the proposed new field of labor; Therefore,

Resolved, That we unite with our pastor in asking Presbytery to make the proposed transfer.

Resolved, That nothing but a sense of duty and desire for submission to the Divine will could reconcile our feelings to this separation and the sundering of ties which have been growing and strengthening during a most successful pastorate in which the membership has been increased tenfold and every interest of our church has been correspondingly augmented.

Resolved, That our prayers for God's blessing both upon him and his beloved companion, who has equally endeared herself to us all and especially to the sisters, by her sympathy with every interest of Zion and her readiness to engage in every good work,—will follow them to their new field of labor.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Presbytery of New Brunswick by our commissioners at its meeting to be held in the city of Trenton on Thursday next."

The following Resolution was unanimously adopted by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, in session in the city of Trenton, this day November 14, 1878 and a copy ordered to be sent to "The New York Evangelist," "New York Observer" and "The Presbyterian" for publication.

Attest, A. L. ARMSTRONG,
Stated Clerk.

"*Resolved*, That in dismissing the Rev. William Swan to the Presbytery of Genesee (N. Y.) we de-

sire to express our high appreciation of the faithful and successful labors which he has bestowed upon the church at Stockton. Ten years ago, he was called to that infant and feeble church just organized. From that time to the present the growth has been steady, healthful and vigorous to a remarkable degree.

As a Presbyter, we have found him punctual and active in our church work and faithful in the discharge of his duties as Clerk for eight years. Parting from one of the most successful and useful Pastors, we invoke the benediction of the Head of the Church to rest upon him in the field to which he has been called."

When Mr. Swan had decided upon a course of action as right, he adhered to such decision invincibly. This was the case, when after eight and a half years of unceasing labor in the Batavia pastorate he realized his physical strength was failing and that he must give up his much loved work there. The statement given below, in his own words, illustrates this phase of his character, while the letters addressed to him on the eve of his departure and subsequently show the loving esteem in which he was held:

(Read at a Sunday morning service, March, 1887). "I have an announcement to make to-day

which will probably come as a surprise and I doubt not as a sorrow to many, as it is to me a deep personal regret. Briefly it is this: For more than a year I have been seriously and prayerfully considering the duty of ceasing from my work here and I have remained during this time simply from a conviction that I ought to stay; but that conviction is no longer mine. I have at times intimated, especially in my annual discourse last December, that the very heavy work of this field was wearing upon me. I am now convinced that it is my duty to myself and to the church, to stop and give up the pastorate into other hands. I need and must have relief. This may come through change of work in another pastorate where I may be relieved of the peculiar wearing strain of this field or it may come through an entire rest of some months. The latter on some accounts I prefer but shall try to follow the guidance of Providence. But my decision, arrived at not impulsively or through any outward pressure but calmly and after months of thought, is absolute. Since then I have been led to this decision, I do not propose to make a convenience of this church and linger on here until some other field opens but to give up the pastorate at once, that the church may as soon as possible secure a pastor to succeed me.

I need not, and dare not even try, to give ex-

pression to my personal feelings towards you, my much loved people. You will understand, for you know your own hearts; but God's will must be done, and I am sure this is God's will.

I therefore intend, Providence permitting, as soon as the proper arrangements can be made, to offer my resignation to this congregation and return my call into the hands of the Presbytery; and I speak of it to-day that you may be prepared for the matter and may know that this decision of mine is absolute and final."

By call of the Session, a congregational meeting of the First Presbyterian Church of Batavia, New York, was held on Monday, March 28, 1887, to take action upon the resignation of the Pastor, Rev. William Swan. At this meeting the following Resolution was offered and by vote of the congregation unanimously adopted, giving but imperfect expression to the sincere esteem and affection in which the church holds its beloved Pastor and our deep sorrow at the prospect of his departure from us.

Resolved,—That we most sincerely and deeply regret the necessity that compels the dissolution of the pastoral relation between the Rev. William Swan and this church after a period of upward of

nine years of very devoted and highly successful labor with us,—and that in parting with him and with his very excellent and highly efficient helpmeet, Mrs. Swan, we feel a profound sense of loss socially and morally in every department of christian endeavor; and can only hope and pray that their lives and health may be spared to work out for some other Church as great good as they have been instrumental in accomplishing in this community.

GEORGE B. EDWARDS,
Clerk of Session.

"TO OUR BELOVED PASTOR AND FRIEND.

The accompanying gift represents in a very slight degree, our personal love for you and our appreciation of your ever-increasing interest, fervent prayers and untiring labors for our present and eternal welfare. We desire most earnestly that you will ever retain

'Room for us in your heart
Place for us in your prayers,'

assuring you that the sacred recollections of your life and precepts will never be effaced from our memories."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
BATAVIA, NEW YORK.

Rev. William Swan

My dear Sir—I received your letter of the eleventh inst. and both myself and family were glad to hear from yourself and Mrs. Swan. Our people here have not by any means forgotten your very effective labors in our midst. We are still reaping many of the benefits of your labors in the organizations effected by you while here. Your efforts will be productive of good here, long after you and myself have "entered upon the boundless heritage of endless years." I have often thought clergymen who labor zealously for the good of those they address, seldom have any conception of the ultimate effect of their efforts. Many, perhaps the large majority of their hearers, go away from time to time apparently unimpressed and the seed sown seems to have fallen upon stony ground—and to have been wasted and lost—while if you could look within and see its effect you would find it not lost but after a time producing the desired fruit. Many and many are the Christian men and women who if asked "What sermon or sermons were instrumental in your conversion?" could not tell,—could not perhaps mention one and yet a hundred sermons perhaps a thousand were each more or less instrumental in bringing it about. I say this by way of encouragement although perhaps you need no encouragement as you gather your sheaves as you go along. * * * * *

I shall be pleased to hear from you again. My wife as well as myself tender our best regards to yourself and family.

Yours sincerely,

N. A. WOODWARD.

Batavia, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1888.

The Young People's Christian Association, alluded to above, was formed by Mr. Swan in the early part of his Batavia pastorate,—somewhere about 1882 or '83,—and proved of inestimable value to the work of the church. The idea of "Christian Endeavor" was not a new one to him, as may be seen by comparing dates.

Not more than a week after he had offered his resignation to the Batavia church, Mr. Swan received a letter from Lambertville, N. J., inquiring if it would be possible to secure him as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in that city. After due consideration and prayer, he decided that a *change* might perhaps be as well for him as *entire rest* and so accepted the call which came to him from that church and entered upon his work there in May 1887. How gladly he was welcomed back into his former Presbytery (New Brunswick) is shown by extracts from a few of the many letters which came to him from his brethren in the ministry.

Rev. W. Henry Green, D. D., at the time Pro-

fessor in Princeton Theological Seminary, writes under date of May 14, 1887, as follows:

My dear Mr. Swan

You slipped out of Presbytery before I had the opportunity which I hoped to have, to express my great gratification at your return to our Presbytery and that you are to be the successor of our beloved and lamented Dr. Studdiford. May the blessing of God attend your labors in the future as it has in the past. * * * * *

Rev. George Hale, D. D., formerly Secretary of the Board of Relief, writes as follows:

Phila., Pa., May 16, 1887.

Rev. William Swan,

My dear Brother,—We are glad to welcome you back to the Presbytery of New Brunswick and to see you entering on a work where you are already well known and in a good field with which you are familiar. It was my purpose to attend your installation; but when I learned that it was to be held in the evening and that it would take me from home over night, I concluded that it would be best to deny myself that pleasure. I understand that your venerable Father is to be with you; I remember him well. We were matriculated at Princeton Seminary in 1833 about the same time if not the

same day. Remember me kindly to him; I hope some day to see him before we "cross the River." I can never lose my interest in the Lambertville church and I congraulate them that they are to have you as their Pastor. May the labors of your two predecessors, by God's grace, serve the more effectually to prepare the way for your greater success.

Cordially yours,

GEORGE HALE.

After three years of work in the Lambertville pastorate, Mr. Swan's health requiring a change, he took a three months' trip abroad, visiting the famous health resort, Carlsbad, and returning much benfitted. On the eve of his departure he received the following note accompanied by a generous sum of money.

TO OUR DEAR PASTOR.

Some of the members of the church and congregation, in view of your contemplated absence for a season, feeling desirous to manifest their appreciation of you, as a faithful pastor and their kindly feeling and sympathy toward you, especially at this time,—tender you the amount herewith, as a slight token of their regard. It is accompanied by many prayers for God's protecting care and blessing and

that to you may be fulfilled the words of the promise which we find recorded in Genesis 28: 15.

Will you kindly accept this from those who have learned to "esteem you very highly in love for your work's sake."

Lambertville, N. J., May 4, 1890.

In the spring of 1894, Mr. Swan had a serious illness and his physician advising entire rest, he resigned his charge as pastor of the Lambertville church, after seven years of faithful service. The months spent in resting and travelling brought new strength to body and mind, so that with his accustomed earnestness of spirit, he felt he must be at work again, and resumed preaching in January, 1895, at Snow Hill, Maryland. This proved to be his last charge and here the call came to him to enter upon his reward. As has been already stated, he was interred at Snow Hill; but subsequently, his body was removed to Lambertville, N. J., where it now rests in "Mt. Hope" Cemetery.

After his death, the following tribute to his memory was received from Rev. William H. Woolverton of Boonton N. J.

I take my pen, not "to stir a little dust of praise" for Mr. Swan,—he would have turned from that,—but merely to let the feelings of my heart

for him, flow down upon it. I write as one of his boys. I count it one of the blessings of my life to have been *one of his boys*,—to have had him for a spiritual father and adviser,—to have known him, loved him, and felt the wholesome influence of his manly, Godly life.

His boys and girls were fond of him. We knew he was our friend. We were *proud* of him. His handsome face and manly form, his superb poise and grace of bearing, and withal rare gifts of mind and heart, made him an attractive and commanding personality. In a company of ministers, with what boyish pride we would point him out as *ours*. There were other noble ministers; to us he was THE PRINCE. There was sense and force in what he said and did. There was order and fitness too. There was a royal purpose. There was moreover an humble faith, a buoyant hope, an enkindling love for God and men. He was "*a good minister of Jesus Christ.*" To be *this* and *only this* was the height of his ambition. And he *was* this both *in* the pulpit and *out* of it. He was "*a minister, but still a man*,"—a full, well-rounded man. He was sane, sagacious, wise in counsel, a sympathetic and faithful pastor, a superior preacher, and possessed of unusual qualities as a leader. He was a growing man. Still these gifts and graces characterized him from the first

beginnings of his ministry. How that infant church in Stockton grew and flourished under his fostering care and helpful preaching, and magnetic and stimulating leadership! What a hold he had upon the place and people! What a drawing power in the services of the church. What live prayer meetings! What inspiring "Monthly Concerts"! What a model Sunday School! What delightful gatherings of old and young together! And all these as means of grace,—for the upbuilding of his people, and the winning of souls to Him, whose he was and whom he served. He was versatile, practical, businesslike and thorough-going. So marked were these traits in him, that as he was entering upon his ministry a friend remarked to him, he was "spoiling a good business man to make a poor preacher." However "good" a business man he might have been, the "poorness" of his preaching did not appear. He was *anything* but a *poor* preacher. He was anything but a poor Christian. He was rich in faith,—in a faith that had been purified, beautified in the fire of trial. He knew what loss and sorrow were. He knew the testings of failing health,—the weariness of working with waning strength,—with wasting weakness. These he knew for years; he felt them most keenly at the last. This was his heavy cross. How patiently he bore it! How he gloried in the

cross! How he magnified the grace of God in all his life and work. And now he has entered upon its glad fruition. *Thou hast set him on high, because he hath known thy name.*

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher loves endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

Like Enoch, he "walked with God, and he was not: for God took him." Like Barnabas, the son of consolation, "he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." To me he was a Daniel, —"A man greatly beloved." He was my first and only pastor, my boon companion, my close and confidential friend. How great my debt to him!

"Forgive my grief for one removed,—
Thy creature whom I found so fair;
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved."

At various times during his life, Mr. Swan wrote poetry, frequently using the same in connection with his pulpit discourses. These poems were sometimes printed in the newspapers but have never been published otherwise. Some of them are given at the close of this "Memorial" and while the dates appended are correct, no attention has been paid to arranging them in order of time or as to subject matter.

Poems.

"AND HE ABODE THERE TWO DAYS."

John 4 : 40.

Two days He tarried and then went His way
But left a priceless treasure that for aye
Should linger in the homes where He abode
To bless the city which His feet had trod.

Two days; the hastening sun twice rose and set
While stood He pleading in their midst, and yet
Brief as His labors, transient as His stay,
In each short hour eternal issues lay.

The Patriarch's well was full and deep and wide,
Ages of men had drank of it and died,
For lasting satisfaction none could gain,
They quaffed its waters but to thirst again.

But now there springs on Sychar's very street
A fount of *life*—a well of water sweet,
Pure *everlasting* streams amid them burst
Whoso but drinks he *nevermore* shall thirst.

In Christ the source—for them the full supply,
Drawing their life from Him they ne'er can die,
For springs of never-failing water start
In the dry depths of every thirsty heart.

And such is Christ to-day—a living spring,
And so may we each to the fountain bring
His thirsty heart; and, while He with us dwells,
With joy draw water from salvation's wells.

Oh Saviour! well-spring in earth's desert drear,
Unseen yet really present with us here,
Abide with us, in mercy, as of yore,
Not two days only, but forevermore.

Earth's fountains fail us—but too soon run dry,
Having no other our parched souls must die.
But in His boundless fulness O what gain!
Drinking of Him we ne'er shall thirst again.

NAMES AND TITLES OF CHRIST.

Name above every name, *Jehovah, God,*
Creator, Governor, Eternal *Word,*
The glorious *Potentate* and *King of Kings,*
Most Just and Holy One, Head o'er all things.

Prince of the Kings of all the earth art thou
Yet dids't thou come—the *Son of Man*—a *Child*
The *Prince of Life,* to whom the angels bow,
Men, as a *Malefactor,* mocked, reviled.

How, then, shall I set forth that wondrous *Love*
That brought thee, *Lord of Glory,* from above
Tell of thy *Gift Unspeakable* to me
Thy gracious helpfulness and majesty?

A *Rock* art thou, in thee shall faith alone
Find *Sure foundation* and a well tried stone
A *Stone rejected of the builders,* yet
The precious *Head stone of the Corner* set.

The *Tree of Life*—the living fruitful *Vine,*
Camphire and *Myrrh* their fragrant sweets combine
With *Sharon's Rose* and *Lily of the Vale*
The perfume of thy precious name t' exhale.

A *Well of Living Water* pure and sweet,
The *Bread of Life*—the spirit's *Drink* and *Meat*,—
The *Fatted Calf*, the *Passover* once slain.
Who with such *Angels' Food* can want again?

The *Sun of Righteousness*, with healing beams,
Shines on the soul—the *Dayspring from afar;*
While through earth's darkest clouds of sorrow gleams
The radiance of the *Bright and Morning Star.*

Father and *Brother, Bridegroom, Husband, Friend,*
My *Teacher, Shepherd, Counsellor* and *Way,*
My *Leader* and *Commander* to the end,
Captain of my Salvation and my *Stay.*

Thou my safe *Refuge* and my *Hiding Place,*
My *Covert from the stormy tempest's* ire;
My sure *Deliverer*, hast by thy grace
Set, 'twixt me and my foes, a *Wall of Fire.*

Fountain of Cleansing, *Sacrifice* for guilt,
The *Golden Altar* and the *great High Priest:*
The *Lamb of God*, thy precious life blood spilt,
Art now my *Surety, Mediator, Peace.*

Yes, this is best of all—the sweetest word
That ever tongue can speak or hand hath penned:
Thy name is *Jesus, Saviour, Master, Lord,*
Redeemer, Intercessor, Sinner's Friend.

My *Jesus Christ*, my *Lord and God*, my *All,*
To thee, *Beloved* of my soul, I call.
Erase all signs inscribed by worldly art,
And grave *that precious Name* deep in my heart.

Who, who can tell the wonders of thy grace,
In lordly titles e'er express thy fame?
Not till we gaze with rapture on thy face,
Can we in fittest measures sing thy Name.

INFLUENCES.

A slender rill ran babbling down the vale,
  Born of a summer shower;
And then it ceased and, dying, left no tale
  Of its brief happy hour;
Yet, felt an acorn its moist kiss and woke
Into the life-time of a mighty oak.

Swift, through the shadows of a darkened room,
  Sped, like a timid bird,
A tiny ray of light—then all was gloom;
  And yet there sweetly stirred
In a sad heart that lonely languished there,
A new-born faith where else had come despair.

A soft hand-pressure that might mean not much
  More than a tender thought—
A dream of hope that vanished with the touch,
  And seemed to come to naught;
Yet never shall its memory cease to thrill
One life responsive—on, through good and ill.

Into the current of a fleeting mood,
  Dropped a stray bit of speech,
Esteemed as lightly as when chance driftwood
  Is cast upon the beach;
Yet one who caught this waif of ocean's strife,
Made it the threshold of his house of life.

Ah! who the mighty course can fully note
  Of trifling word and deed,
That, on the winds of thought and impulse float,
  Scattered like wingèd seed?
Nothing forgotten—nothing lost can be
Of this small seed of vast eternity.

Lambertville, N. J., September, 1890.

THE FOOLISH HEART.

Oh, burdened heart!
Thy load is heavy and there is constant ache
With bearing it, all through the toilsome day;
Yet One walks with thee who would gladly take
And bear it for thee—But thou sayst Him, nay!
Oh, foolish heart!

Oh, doubting heart!
Life is so full of puzzles thou wouldst solve,
So many mysteries perplex thee quite;
Yet One would make all plain, couldst thou resolve
To let Him bring thee to the perfect light,
Oh, foolish heart!

Oh, fearful heart!
Shrinking from dangers that, like ambushed foe,
Seem ever lurking, just beyond thy sight,
There's One with whom thou couldst unfaltering go,
Wouldst link, by faith, thy weakness to His might,
Oh, foolish heart!

Oh, worldly heart!
Wilt quench eternal thirst at springs that fail,
Wilt build immortal hope on things that die,
Scorning His love that can alone avail
To sate soul hunger that for God doth cry?
Oh, foolish heart!

Oh, fainting heart!
Sin-sick and world-sick with vain self disgust,
Wouldst rest from doubts and fears and burdens see?
Then try the wise relief of simple trust
In Him, and find thy cure, and cease to be
A foolish heart.

Lambertville, N. J., April, 1891.

BETHLEHEM.

O! quiet night!
O! sky so bright!
O! stars athrill with quivering light!
What song swells forth from heaven's height,
Floats nearer—bursts in pure delight,
O'er Bethlehem!

O! mother mild!
O! new-born child!
O! manger, by brute use defiled!
O'er these, from human care exiled,
The angels sing, from heaven beguiled
To Bethlehem!

O! lowly birth!
O! heavenly mirth!
O! tidings of such priceless worth!
"Glory to God! Glad peace on earth!"
Springs living water for sin's dearth,
From Bethlehem.

O! bells that ring!
O! words that wing!
O! tell abroad this wondrous thing!
How, with the song the angels sing,
Heaven crowns the blessed Christ-child King,
In Bethlehem.

Lambertville, N. J., December, 1888.

"FOLLOW ME!"

O! Jesus, king most glorious,
And can it really be
That in thy royal retinue,
Thou hast a place for me?

Thou art of heaven the holy Lord;
  Its armies follow Thee
On horses white, in garments clean,
  With spotless purity.

But I, alas! am neither pure
  Of heart nor clean of dress;
How can I find a place with them,
  Who have no righteousness?

And yet I hate these stainèd robes,
  My sins my soul distress;
When shall this yearning love of right
  Grow into righteousness?

Not in the whelming stream of death,
  Can I my soul make clean;
Those turbid waters are defiled
  By sewerage of sin!

This side of death alone, I find
  Thy blood for cleansing poured;
I wash in it, and so begin
  To follow thee, my Lord!

I follow, though, with faltering feet,
  Thy blessed steps I trace;
But closer will I follow, when
  I see Thee face to face.

And through the eternal pathway, shall
  My sole ambition be,
In some small place in heaven's train,
  Just to be following Thee.

Lambertville, N. J., 1888.

STORM THE FORT!

Ho! my comrades, Christian soldiers
Of Immanuel's host,
While we wait here in the trenches,
Shall his cause be lost?

CHORUS.

Storm the fort! the Captain orders;
Let none disobey;
Charge beneath the red cross banner;
We shall win the day.

Long we've stood on the defensive,
Long have been the sport
Of the vaunting foe, wide ranging,
While we've *"held the fort."*—CHO.

Forward now; drive in his outposts,
His strong place attack;
Pressing onward, keep each foothold,
Never beaten back.—CHO.

Marshalled there, are all the forces
Of the rebel chief—
Sabbath-breaking, vice, intemperance,
Error, unbelief.—CHO.

High the battlements of evil,
Strong entrenched the foe;
Long and fierce will be the conflict,
We must lay them low.—CHO.

Many 'neath those walls may perish,
E'er we beat them down;
But who falls in faith's brave battle,
Wins a palm and crown.—CHO.

And when Satan's works are carried,
How our shouts shall ring
O'er the field, as we, in triumph,
Crown our Captain, King.—CHO.

Lambertville, N. J., 1888.

A HYMN FOR THE CLOSE OF A COMMUNION SERVICE.

Our Lord and His apostles sang a hymn together before they went out from the upper room, where the Supper had been instituted. And we, imitating them, also sing as we close the commemoration of the Sacramental Feast. Much more apparent reason have we for singing as we go out to the enjoyment of all the privileges of the new life gained for us by His death, than they who went sorrowing and wondering after their Master, that night in which He was betrayed, across Kedron into the shades of Gethsemane. Nevertheless they sang, using doubtless the "Great Hallel," repeated or chanted at the close of the Passover meal in every Jewish home—the cxv., cxvi., cxvii., and cxviii. Psalms.

I have been interested, as I have read these Psalms, with this thought, in noticing how wonderfully they are pervaded by gospel sentiment. And the feeling that it would be pleasant, under like circumstances, to sing just what, in a sense, they sang that night, has prompted the following hymn for the close of a communion service, each stanza of which contains the leading sentiment of one of the Psalms in question, expressing in succession, *praise*, *consecration*, *fellowship* and *confidence*.

We glorify thy name, O Lord,
The only God, all Gods above,
Our help and shield, our sure reward;
We bless and own Thy constant love.

We love the Lord who lifted up
  Our souls from out their deep distress;
With joy we quaff salvation's cup;
  Here pay our vows, His name confess.

Let all the world our praises join,
  Nations, in sweet communion sing;
For kindness great, and truth divine,
  Let all their grateful tribute bring.

O, thank the Lord, whose mercy laid
  A corner-stone well tried and sure;
On Him our trust and hope are stayed,
  His mercy shall fore'er endure.

Lambertville, N. J., 1889.

WHITHER AWAY?

Whither away, O ship?
Whither the winds invite thee?
  But the winds may shift,
  And the tempests lift
Their treacherous hands to smite thee.

Whither away, O ship?
Whither the waves may bear thee?
  But some gulfing wave
  May yet prove they grave,
Who trustest the waves to spare thee.

Safe on thy way, O ship,
Though surges and storms betide thee,
  Though the trackless deep
  Thy course shall He keep
Who stands at the wheel to guide thee.

So, on life's fickle sea,
Let this assurance cheer thee!
Though of gales the sport,
Thou'lt safe make the port,
With Christ at the helm to steer thee.

Ocean Beach, N. J., August, 1889.

CONSECRATION HYMN

OF THE Y. P. C. A., PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BATAVIA, NEW YORK.

I.

Once again to His dear name
Who with blood hath bought us,
Would we now our love proclaim
For the grace that sought us.

CHORUS.

Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Pledged to brave endeavor,
Loyal, loving, firm we stand,
One in Christ forever.

II.

May His love whose sacrifice
Passes every other,
Close unite in Christian ties,
Every sister, brother.—CHO.

III.

Comrades in this glorious strife,
Let us never falter;
Lay we talent, strength and life
On His sacred altar.—CHO.

IV.

Then be ours, by life and word,
Souls to win for heaven;
And to Him—our blessed Lord,
All the praise be given.—CHO.

March, 1887.

DELIVER US.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—*the evil one.*"

Father, if in Thy sovereign graciousness
Such mercy be consistent with our weal,
Shield us from contact with all worldliness,
Grant that temptation we may never feel.

For we are very weak, and much we dread
The tempter's cunning wiles might prove too strong;
And we, by fleshly lusts solicited,
Might basely yield allegiance to the wrong.

And yet we know that, by Thy wise decree,
Strength comes by trial, fortitude by strife;
And small, we fear, would our assurance be,
Were innocence but ignorance of life.

If, then it be Thy righteous will's demand,
That we be tested thus, oh, not alone
Leave us amid the fires; but by Thy hand
Our souls deliver from the evil one!

Lambertville, N. J., 1887.

"LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED."

Fierce the wind rusheth,
  Dark clouds are lowering,
Wild, the wave crusheth,
  Whelming, o'erpowering;
Deep 'neath the surface fret,
Stillness! where never yet
  Hath come commotion;
God's calmness husheth
  The depths of the ocean.

When o'er life sweepeth
  Darkness appalling,
When the eye weepeth
  Trials befalling,
No fearsome blast is heard
In the still heart, unstirred
  By the storm's riot,
If *God's peace* keepeth
  The *heart depths* in quiet.

So he who quaileth
  From the storm's wasting,
So she who waileth
  'Neath the sore chastening,
Let them put trust in Him,
And, though the eyes be dim
  With weary weeping,
The heart that aileth
  May smile in His keeping.

Lambertville, N. J., 1888.

MY ALL IN ALL.

Col. iii : 11.

I have a wondrous Saviour,
Whom Lord and King I call;
He is my one thing needful,
He is my all in all.

His merit is my merit,
I have no hope beside;
I endless life inherit,
By grace of Him who died.

When Satan casts his arrows,
He takes them to His heart;
He drinks my cup of sorrows,
He bears my sin's sore smart.

No other thought brings comfort,
When life's dread ills betide;
Naught but just this blest surety
That He is at my side.

Here as a friend to cherish,
To lean on by the way;
Here as my strong defender,
My everlasting stay.

And now earth's life seems shallow,
Its honors mean and small;
Its joys and woes but trifles,
For Jesus is my all.

The light that beams around me
Reveals His gracious mien;
All warmth, and joy, and beauty
Are just His glory's sheen.

Nay, so within the compass
Of His life, my life lies,
My moans of pain and woe are
But echoes of His sighs.

Thus fare I on my journey,
Surrounded by His love;
His rod and staff my comfort,
I seek the home above.

That home no more uncertain
Since Christ, my life, is there;
Gone but awhile before me
My mansion to prepare.

And this shall be my heaven;
At His blest feet to fall,
And 'mid its mightiest powers
Own Him my all in all.

Batavia, New York, 1885.

A HYMN OF THE OLD YEAR.

We thank Thee, gracious Father!
For all Thy watchful care;
For springtime's budding promise,
For summer's harvest fair:
And, though the leaves have fallen,
Withered by winter's chill,
For ripened hopes—or blasted,
We thank Thee, Father, still.

We bless Thee, precious Saviour!
Thy love has known no stay;
Through sunlight and through shadow,
Biding with us alway:

Our hearts, alas! have wavered,
But Thine has e'er been true;
For all Thy patient mercy,
We bless, and love Thee too.

We praise Thee, Holy Spirit!
For we have felt Thy power
In ways of truth to lead us,
To lighten sorrow's hour;
For Thy victorious strivings
With souls astray and lost,
For sweet constraint and guidance,
We praise Thee, Holy Ghost!

Thee, Father, Son and Spirit,
We thank and bless, and praise,
For care, and grace, and guidance
Through all the Old Year's days;
And while we beg Thy favor
That we for Thee may live,
We plead, for sake of Jesus,
The Old Year's sin forgive!

Stockton, N. J., December, 1874.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

As, from the ocean shore,
Anxious eyes peer,
Scanning the billows o'er
Distant and near;
So would we voyagers see
Whether our destiny
Joyous or sad must be,
In the New Year.

E'en though some evil dream
Fill us with fear;
Though all the outlook seem
Stormy and drear,
No harm can e'er betide,
With Jesus at our side,
Trust Him! He will provide
Happy New Year.

Though in the months to come,
Any should hear
Summons from Heavenly home,
Calling them there,
Oh, how shall they, at rest,
Safe on their Saviour's breast,
Spend in that harbor blest,
Happy New Year.

But if, by mercy sweet,
At close of year,
Teachers and scholars meet
All again here,
How will our voices ring,
With the glad praise we bring,
As we together sing
Happy New Year!

Stockton, N. J., January, 1875.

THE BURNT-OFFERING.

In thee, blest Lamb, on altar laid,
A victim freely given,
I see my soul's full ransom paid,
My guarantee of heaven.

And as the smoking flames ascend,
Ashes the only loss,
As savors sweet to heaven tend,
To earth the earthly dross,

So, in the ceaseless fire of love,
My whole self is refined,
My soul, released, is drawn above,
My sin is left behind.

Yea, all I am and all I have
Is consecrate to Thee,
Who, my poor dying soul to save,
Didst give thy life for me.

'Tis thine, but I would *name* it thine,
O seal it with thy seal,
And stay, by this the owner's sign,
All possible repeal.

Sure, for such love as thine, 'tis meet
That I, with joy, now bring
My life and lay it at thy feet,
A whole burnt-offering.

Batavia, New York, 1884.

PSALM XXII : 11.

Anxious I gazed o'er the sea of my troubles,
Tossing with billows of trial and fear;
Cried, as a soul, once before in his peril,
"Be not far from me, for trouble is near."

Trouble is near, and it ever comes nearer;
Nearer, as ocean-tide, with sullen roar,
Baffling all human help, mocking my weakness,
Cruel, remorseless, creeps up on the shore.

Rock of Eternity! be Thou my refuge!
Standing secure amid waves wild and drear.
Drowning, I cling to Thee; hopeless, I trust Thee,
Be not far from me, for trouble is near.

Trouble is near, but my Saviour is nearer;
Firm is the Rock I feel under my feet.
Peace, faithless, trembling heart, He's not far from thee,
"Always I'm with thee," is His promise sweet.

So will I build on Him, ever abiding
Here, in the cleft of this Rock make my nest.
Trouble may ebb and flow—harmless its swelling;
Storms are but lullabies, soothing to rest.

Stockton, N. J., 1878.

THE SACRAMENTUM.

Lord, in this feast which Thou dost deign to bless,
We see the emblems of Thy sore distress
For us, Thy servitude to death, that we
Might from the sting of death be ever free.

Unworthy are our hearts, Thou knowest, Lord,
Our lives conformed but poorly to Thy Word;
But if in us Thou canst see aught that's meet
For e'en the humblest service at thy feet,

Dear Lord, we come to Thee. Here, at Thy cross,
The world seems little, all its wealth but dross;
And this alone is gain—Thy face to see,
And this is glory—to be lost in Thee.

We lay our hands in Thine—Thy pierced hand;
We call Thee Master, at Thy bidding stand
To know no will but Thine, to crave no good,
But to be sealed Thy servants with Thy blood.

Batavia, New York, November, 1879.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF A CHURCH.

Ten years! Ten golden years!
Golden with precious love,
With wealth of grace
From God's rich store above.
Praise Him! Ten fruitful years!

Ten years! Ten iron years!
Iron in sturdy fight,
In constant toil
For Christ, for truth, for right.
Thank God! Ten busy years!

Ten years! Ten leaden years!
Leaden with worldly care
In hardened hearts
That sink to deep despair.
Alas! Ten wasted years!

Ten years! Ten finished years!
Passed to eternity
Before thee, soul!
What is their tale of thee?
God knows! Ten written years!

Stockton, N. J., June, 1878.

GETHSEMANE.

Chafing at duty's stern appeals,
Disposed to pleasure's soft delight,
In visions, such as night reveals,
My Saviour stands before my sight;
He seems to beckon, Follow me!
And leads me to Gethsemane.

Again I see, or seem to see,
His struggle with the darkness' power;
Again I hear his plaintive plea,
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"
And sure the message comes to me
Here, with him, in Gethsemane.

"Watching with eager thought for self,
Watching for pleasure and for power,
Watching for honor, place and pelf,
Could ye not watch with me one hour?
Must joy and gain thy portion be,
And mine alone Gethsemane?

"Groans not the world with evils rife,
Calls not humanity for aid,
As when with sin in mortal strife
I wrestled 'neath this olive shade?
Is there no sweat of agony
For thee too, no Gethsemane?

"Unmindful of my changeless word,
That marks the servant's constant lot,
'Enough if he be as his Lord,'
From daily crosses shrinking not,
Wilt share my Paradise with me,
And not, as well, Gethsemane?"

At last with shame I now confess
That duty's cross bears duty's crown;
And rousing from my slothfulness,
My Saviour's plea I humbly own.
Lord, help me e'er to watch with thee,
Even in dark Gethsemane.

Batavia, New York, 1887.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

'Mid the throngs of little children,
In the concourse of the life-way
Where I stand, their heedless frolic
And their heart-bewitching laughter
  Making music in my ear,
Comes to me this serious question,
Whose the hands to shape the transfer,
From the careless to the careful,
Of these throngs of little children?

For the hearts of little children
Than the wax no less are plastic,
Sensitive and soon receptive
Of the slightest stamp of influence
  From the hands of those they love.
Thine, my life to make impression
Of the likeness of the worldly,
Of the image of the Holy,
On the hearts of little children.

And the feet of little children,
How they follow, humbly follow,
Wheresoe'er our footsteps lead them,
Going upward, going downward,
  To the right or to the wrong.
O, my soul, be not unmindful,
When I choose the way I walk in,
That behind, with gentle patter,
Come the feet of little children.

Ah, the graves of little children!
They are little, but they compass
Countless stores of precious memory,
All the world of hope and promise
  That our stricken hearts can hold.

Yet we turn, with chastened spirit,
From the hopeless, godless world-life,
And sweet heaven seems surer, nearer,
At the graves of little children.

O, the heaven of little children!
Pure and simple is its glory;
Where they stand in closest contact
With the tender hands that blessed them
In the earthly days of yore.
May my spirit be as theirs is
In its trust in Christ my Saviour,
That my place be found among them
In the heaven of little children.

Batavia, N. Y., 1887.

A VERY PRESENT HELP.

A footsore pilgrim in a weary land,
By desert heat and stony path distressed,
Beneath a great rock's cooling shade I stand
And long for rest.
When lo! from out a cleft sweet waters burst,
And Jesus bids me "Drink, and quench your thirst."

Alone I pray, as in the fearsome wild
Afar from Father's sheltering fold I roam,
O Elder Brother, come and as a child
Lead me safe home.
When sounds his glad assurance, close and clear,
"I am the Way, fear not; lo! I am here."

Beset in soul I cry, while stealthy sin,
Unsleeping prowls about me, pressing sore
Through some unguarded portal to creep in,
O keep the door!

And comes the Shepherd's answer, calm and deep,
"All that my Father gives me I will keep."

Oppressed by sorrow's grievous load, with none
To lift my heavy weight of anxious care,
From out the dust I cry, O mighty One,
My burden bear!
And straightway comes His word, so strong and true,
"Cast all your care on me, I care for you."

Why should my soul then faint whate'er betide,
Though foes assault and fears within arise,
So as my Saviour's ever at my side
To heed my cries;
So as I hear the voice of my dear Friend,
"Lo, I am with you alway—to the end!"

Batavia, New York, 1886.

SAVE THE MOTHERS.

(For the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.)

Tune—No. 247, Gospel Hymns.

I

Ah, millions there are of the heathen horde,
Their way to Eternity bent;
Stray sheep are they all of our own blest Lord,
To win them for Him we're sent.

REFRAIN FOR EACH VERSE.

Over the seas be His banner unfurled,
Anywhere, everywhere all through the world,
In every tongue shall the story be told,
The heart-winning tale of Jesus.

2

These brutalized pagans were children each
Like the prattlers at our side;
Ah! had but *their* Mothers been able to teach
The tale of the Crucified.

3

Our sisters—these women with saddened eyes,
Their brows girt with hopeless gloom,
Half doubting, they hear, with a strange surprise,
Of a heaven where *they* may find room!

4

Oh think of the myriads saved from the moan
Of the thronged abyss below;
Nay, think of the dear Lord's joy on the throne,
Could we save these *Mothers* now.

5

The Mothers shall children to Jesus bring,
His rightful domain increase,
Until shall be crowned, as the whole world's king,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

6

How long shall they wait for the bread of life,
Their dark eyes with watching dim?
How long must *He* wait until satisfied?
Say, will you not give it *for Him?*

7

Then speak not of distance and count not the cost,
To Christians the wide world's given,
Our neighbor's the poor soul who needs us most,
In any land under God's heaven.

Batavia, New York, 1884.

A PICTURE FOR MEMORY.

(Written after the death of Mrs. Rev. Dr. C. W. Nassau.)

"Only forgetting myself!"
Resting in easy chair,
Sweet face 'mid soft, white hair,
Breath calm and deep;
Children around the while
Whisper, with loving smile,
"Mother's asleep."
Roused from her gentle reposing,
"Not sleeping, dear, only dosing;
Only forgetting myself."

Only forgetting thyself!
Picture so beautiful,
Of all the dutiful
Scheme of thy life;
Constant in thoughtful love,
Sacred and Christlike, of
Mother and wife:
Always unselfishly giving
Others the gain of thy living—
Only forgetting thyself.

Only forgettng herself!
Hands crossed so restfully,
Eyes closed so trustfully,
Wearied feet still;
Bloom-tint on brow and cheek,
Lips the warm love yet speak,
Death cannot chill:
Jesus her memory keeping,
In His strong arms she is sleeping—
Only forgetting herself.

Stockton, N. J., June, 1878.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

Tune—No. 232, Gospel Hymns.

In the fresh mellow heart-soil of childhood and youth
So quickly spring up seeds of error or truth,
All too soon will life's harvest with tares be defiled
Unless good seed be sown in the heart of the child.

Sow the good seed,
Sow the good seed;
They're safe from the Tempter
If you sow the good seed.

Plant the love of the sober, the true and the pure
In the young heart right early; 'twill surely endure;
The fruit of the labor of love will be seen
When these temperance boys grow to temperance men.

Early begin,
Early begin;
They're safe from the Tempter
If you early begin.

Oh the wiles of the Tempter are many and strong,
He would blast the good grain with the blight of the wrong;
But if young hearts are given to Jesus to keep,
The harvest, in spite of the Tempter, he'll reap.

Bring them to Him,
Bring them to Him;
They're safe from the Tempter
If you bring them to Him.

Batavia, New York, 1885.

THE SHADOW OF LOVE.

E'en the crystal casts a shadow,
Flooded though it be with light;
And no day, though bright with sunshine,
But contains some shade of night;
Heavenly love, through purest spirits
Shines bedimmed by earthly dross,
Love, as well as light, casts shadows,
And its shadow is a cross.

THE NATION'S RALLY.

Tune—"*Maryland, my Maryland.*"

With heart to heart and hand to hand,
Dear comrades all, dear comrades all,
United, firm and true we stand,
At Country's call, our Country's call:
We know no Faction's mean behest,
No North, nor South, nor East nor West,
One loyal love inspires each breast,
For Native Land, for Native Land.

CHORUS.

May Tyrants from their seats be hurled,
The Red and White and Blue unfurled,
Our Banner honored round the world,
America, America.

The Captain's call, the War-horn's blare,
The Flag's bright challenge of the brave,
The rush of ships, the tramp of men,
Through all the land, o'er all the wave;
The battle-flashes seen from far,
The screaming thunderbolts of war,
Our wounded homes' slow healing scar,
Drive us to prayer, drive us to prayer.—CHO.

Lord God of Hosts, by whose decree,
All Nations rise or find their grave,
We lift our hands, our hearts to Thee,
Our Country save! our Country save!
Save from too boastful trust in might,
Save from Ambition's lustful blight,
Save, in our contest for the right,
And Thine the praise, all praise to Thee.—Cho.

Snow Hill, Maryland, May 26, 1898.

FROM THE "WEARY" LAND.

(Written for the funeral of a little child.)

"Sing, Mama, 'weary land' with me,"—
Thus our little one urged her plea
With an eager, earnest face.
And, as we sang, she with sweet childish art
Joined in the song with an innocent heart
Wherein no trouble had place.

Charmed by the melody's refrain,
Little she knew as we sang the strain,
What sadness the words express,—
How mingles with faith, in the hopeful song,
A yearning for rest from the care and wrong
That make life a weariness.

Jesus knew, as we could not know,
How sore the tender feet might grow
By earth's rough journey distressed;
And lovingly led, in his gentle hand,
Our dear little pilgrim from 'Weary Land,'
To His blessed land of rest.

Ah! happy Baby! ne'er shalt thou
Taste of the weariness that now
Lies sore on our hearts and home.
Can we wish thee back in this "Weary Land"
From the Shepherd's safe side where thou dost stand
Waiting until we shall come?

Lambertville, July, 1891.

SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL.

Take Thine own way, with me, dear Lord!
Thou canst not otherwise than bless:
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.

I could not choose a larger bliss
Than to be wholly Thine; and mine
A will whose highest joy is this
To ceaselessly enclasp in Thine.

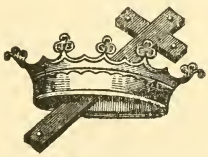
I will not fear Thee, O my God!
The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

Within the shadow of this love
Loss doth transmute itself to gain;
Faith veils earth's sorrows in its light,
And straightway lives above her pain.

We are not losers thus; we share
The perfect gladness of the Son.
Not conquered—for behold, we reign;
Conquered and Conqueror are *one*.

Thy wonderful grand will, my God!
  Triumphantly I make it mine.
And faith shall breathe her glad Amen!
  To every dear command of Thine.

Beneath the splendor of Thy choice,
  Thy *perfect* choice for me, I rest:
Outside it now I dare not live,
  Within it, I must needs be blest.

Meanwhile my spirit anchors calm
  In grander regions still than this;
The fair, far shining latitudes
  Of that yet unexplored bliss.

Then may Thy perfect, glorious will
  Be evermore fulfilled in me;
And make my life an answering chord
  Of glad responsive harmony.